THE PACIFIC

VOL. 59. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., JULY 29, 1909. 30

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE DAY OF GOD.

Thy kingdom come,—on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting Right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near!

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed;
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed:

When knowledge hand in hand with peace
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God!

—F. L. Hosmer.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 447 Minna street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

There is a new law on the statute books of Illinois which requires that the children in the public schools be taught "honesty, kindness, justice and moral courage." It is well to lay emphasis on the teaching of these virtues. Not all public schools have given such teaching the important place which it demands.

The General Assembly of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, in session recently at Hamilton, Ontario, put itself on record as believing that the organic union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches in Canada is both possible and practicable. It is not likely to be brought about in the near future, but all things indicate such a trend as will in all probability accomplish it ere many decades roll around

The working of the anti-treating law, which went into effect on the first of July, in South Dakota, will be watched with interest everywhere. Saloonists are required to post in conspicuous places the notice: "Public Treating is Forbidden." No one can take a drink of liquor in a saloon which is not paid for by himself without violating the law. Treating is a prolific cause of drunkenness, and it is to be hoped that this effort to curtail it will meet with success.

At the Christian Endeavor convention at St. Paul the Japanese delegates stated that a large number of the leading statesman of Japan say publicly now that in Christianity is to be found the best basis for the right kind of a national life. Speaking recently in New York, Admiral Uriu said: "Christianity produces civilization. I mean Christianity—not Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopalian or any denomination—but Christianity itself. I do not attempt to explain. I see the effect; I recognize the fact, and so I covet for Japan the power of Christianity."

President McCormick of the International Harvester Company said recently: "The company desires all its employes, upon whose efforts the success of the business depends, to have a share in the profits." This remark was made after the inauguration of a profit-sharing plan, which is widely regarded as liberal and practical. The launching of this plan by this great corporation is one of the evidences that profit-sharing has entered on a new phase. When such corporations as the International Harvester Company and the United States Steel Corporation invite employees to share in the business the question of loss to shareholders is not raised. All parties know that the business is on such a basis that there cannot in human probability be any loss. The Chicago Record-Herald expresses the opinion that this plan will be copied widely inasmuch as it is in line with nidustral evolution.

The Rev. Dr. Moffatt is a Presbyterian whom the Interior says not even the most aguish conservative would brand as "unsafe." But Dr. Moffatt at the Pan-Presbyterian Council counseled his brethren in this manner: "Let our scholars seek to determine the authorship of the books of the Bible and the circumstances of their composition even if their conclusions shall be such as to reverse all our traditional beliefs; meanwhile we may continue to use its contents for religious and ethical purposes as heretofore. Systematic theology may be revolutionized if some of these contentions prevail, for the Bible can then be employed by theologians only as other literature is appealed to. But the Scriptures can still be used effectively for the doctrine that bears on life—'for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' I am afraid I may be understood as underestimating the importance of some cherished beliefs now 'under fire.' I am not suggesting that the Church give up any of these until intellectual honesty compels their change or abandonment, but I believe the Church at work may refuse to be alarmed or anxious. Let us rather trust our scholars and thinkers to meet these issues as they arise. But let us not be drawn away from our proper work of laboring together with God for the Christianizing of our fellow-men, who do not so much need to have their ideas cleared and harmonized as to have their conduct brought into conformity with the will of God."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Pacific coast cities are nothing if not ambitious. Even Portland has visions now of a population of half a million in 1912. Los Angeles banks on a million in 1925. Seattle is yet to be heard from.

Such has been the travel to Seattle of late because of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, and such the popularity of the Canadian Pacific route, that Pullman berths have been engaged two weeks in advance for some time.

Six thousand people from Portland attended the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition on Portland day. The number was double that which the Seattle people had been expecting. Seattle sent no such crowd to the Portland exposition. But Portland has long moved ahead in an easy-going way, with wide outlook, conscious that what was good for any part of the Pacific Northwest was good also for all of it.

Mr. Henry S. Pritchett, who is at the head of the Carnegie Foundation for colleges and universities, visited Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon, recently. He says that it gave him great pleasure to meet Professor Joseph W. Marsh, who was retired from the faculty of that institution two years ago on a Carnegie pension as provided for in that Foundation. Professor Marsh has had years of high

service as an educator in Oregon. It is said that he is the only teacher in Oregon who has been honored as a recipient from the Carnegie fund.

Among the valuable suggestions made at the Woman's Christian Temperance Union meetings in Berkeley last week was that by Mrs. A. C. Bainbridge that sex-physiology be made one of the chief studies in our public schools. She said in part: "Specially trained physicians should be employed by the high school departments to impart this knowledge to the students. There are plenty of women taking up the professions and many are making a great success of medical pursuits, and I believe that out of their number should be chosen the instructors in sex-physiology for our girls." There is a lamentable lack of instruction of this kind on the part of parents. The schools ought to take it up. But God speed the day when in every home all needed knowledge as to the origin of life and the dangers besetting the pathway of the young will be imparted!

GEMS FROM BACCALAUREATES.

People look, naturally, to the baccalaureate sermons and addresses to students at commencement time in the colleges for some of the best thoughts of the year.

Last week we gave the readers of The Pacific a part of a most excellent sermon by Dr. Gates at Pomona College. This week we present several gems gathered here and there.

The following from President Faunce of Brown University, who gave the Earle lectures in Pacific Theological Seminary last year, is among the finest utterances:

"No man can welcome truth and beauty at his front door while at his back door he is entertaining guests from the nether world. Intellectual blindness is in the world the first and most obvious result of moral compromise. Some form of 'I will' lies at the base of all noble faith, the will to believe does not mean a shutting of the eyes to facts. It is a determination not to surrender to easy pessimism, and not to lie down discouraged when one is half way up the mountain side. Faith is resolute and athletic. It refuses to believe there are not facts to see, that life is at the end but dust and ashes. In every age, while the pessimist declares that there is nothing to see, or that men's power of vision is worthless, the leaders of the race, both in knowledge and action, have gone forth with unquenchable ardor, and by their faith in the unseen have left the human life richer and nobler than they found it. Each man selects the material of the world he will live in, and builds the structure of his own environment. He lives among the canons of art, or in the theories of science, or the devices of political bargaining, and as the man chooses so he becomes. It is not a matter of geography but of attitude. Our life is fluid and plastic, and demands perception and volition as no other nation in the world demands it. We can not throw the responsibility upon our ancestors or put the responsibility upon society. We must choose—not indeed the place where we will work, or the reward that work shall bring—but the attitude in which we face it."

Speaking of some of the elements which enter into the making of a man, President Thwing of Western Reserve said in a striking manner:

"Truth represents the creative process. Truth stands for learning. To know, to know with accuracy, with thoroughness, with a sense of proportion and relation, is a great force. Without it, intellectual and moral anarchy results. With it, noblest works are assured. Learning should lead to thinking. Thinking is more important than knowing, in the making of a man.

"Second. The sense of duty is also a maker of the man and the race. The appreciation of duty is characteristic of the English race. 'Glory' may be the rallying-cry of some other nations, but 'duty' has been the rallying-cry of the English world.

"Third. In truth and in appreciation of duty as a maker of all men there must be energy, the individual force, the progressive spirit and power. The presence or the lack of such force differentiates nations and men.

"Fourth. One does not forget that religion is a mighty force in the making of a man. In every nation its religion is a power for its betterment. The Christian religion is the mightiest force for making the modern nation or individual man. It represents man in relation to the eternal and infinite."

In the sermon at Kansas City University, Chancellor Stephens set forth the superiority of love processes over knowledge in the making of man, saying in part:

"The superiority of love processes over knowledge processes as a means of edifying the soul—of building up the life—is not appreciated by the world today. We are living in an era that has tremendously overemphasized the value of intellectual power and intellectual acquisitions. The rescue of human knowledge from superstition and ignorance by Francis Bacon and others in the sixteenth century, who called attention to the importance of observing the intellectual conditions for attaining exact knowledge of nature around us, has given a new value to the intellectual life.

"But while this intellectual awakening has added largely to our power over external nature, it has not contributed in the same degree to the symmetrical devlopment of character. The devlopment of man's life involves more than intellectual discipline. Character depends more largely upon rightly directed affections and rightly exercised will than it does upon the skillful use of the intellect. The value of the individual to society is measured by the character of his volitions rather than by the extent of his knowledge.

"But within the past fifty years a change has been coming over the thought of men on this subject. The elaborate systems of education that have been built up fail to produce the results expected. It is slowly dawning on the world that development of the intellect alone does not produce the highest type of manhood. Men are beginning to realize that the state can not train good citiezns simply by imparting knowledge to the minds of the young. It is being discovered that the value of knowledge has been overemphasized. Life centers around the will and the affections rather than in the intellect."

President Hamilton laid emphasis on the thought that the most valuable thing which a university gives the student is the ideal of truth as the supreme object of human endeavor, saying in that connection:

"No man is doing his full duty by society unless he continues all his life to be a seeker after truth. The highest function of the college is nothing less than the training of the truth-seeker."

Speaking to the seniors, President Luther said at Trinity:

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, you will see a general movment all along the educational line toward loftier ideals, toward more complete self-consecration, toward more splendid achievement. I say to you, work, work, work, bow your-

selves with all your might. I do not mean that you shall drive pleasure away, that you shall play no more nor sing with joy of living. But I do mean that in absolute consecration of service, in the giving out of the last ounce of strength that is in you for application to some worthy task, you will find salvation and the high success that is worthy of immortals."

At Amherst, President Harris set forth the kind of patriotism that our country needs today:

"He that is on the side of right, in the measure of his influence, who with intelligence and devotion promotes honesty, justice, righteousness, is as truly a patriot as he that shoulders a musket or commands a regiment. It is the exception that a college man in the community is all for himself, a grasping, covetous, selfish man. As teachers, preachers, physicians, lawyers, business men, they are good citizens, they promote every good cause. The pursuit, the profession is the leverage of the man for the uplift of the people. Make the social welfare the first and greatest object of your seeking."

IS EMMANUELISM BECOMING A SPENT FORCE?

Not a few things go to show that Emmanuelism is on the wane.

One of the most valuable considerations of it was given recently at the Harvard Summer School of Theology by Professor Hugo Munsterberg. We quote from his address as follows:

"The use of religious emotions in curing disease is not new. The Greeks and Romans used it. Dr. Worcester was surprised when I told him recently that a German clergyman named Gessner practised the same methods as those of the Emmanuel Movement in the seventeenth century; moreover, it had the same effect on the clergy as the present outbreak. The reason that organic disease—so called—cannot be cured by suggestibility is because when the disease is not in the control of the nervous system, suggestibility does not work, except very indirectly. Whatever the claims of Christian Science, its practitioners can cure by suggestion only such disease as lies within the control of the nervous system; beyond that they can accomplish little.

"Singularly enough, there is in England an Emmanuel Movement, similar to that in this country, but very different in that it teaches that any disease can be cured through religious emotions. But if no discrimination of disease is made, the scheme is a failure, for psychologically there can be little effect on the disease when it is organic. In the case of cancer or tuberculosis, for example, it is not possible that they have been cured by either Christian Science or by the English Emmanuel Movement; but there are associated with these diseases secondary pains which no doubt can be overcome by suggestion through the religious emotions and it is just on this account—because of a lessening of pain, that patients think they are being cured and so declare. A soldier on the battlefield often does not know he is wounded until the excitement of the fray is over. Therefore we cannot deny that patients of Christian Science practitioners get better temporarily under treatment, but that is all—it is not permanent. We must use medicine or surgery whenever it is necessary.

"Perhaps it is not too much to say that with Dr. Worcester, the Emmanuel Movement has its partial justification; but as soon as it spreads, it takes on a different tone. And it has spread widely. How much of it is wise? At any rate the historical value should not be underestimated. It has opened the eyes of regular physicians, and has convinced them that they should treat patients partly by suggestion. Nobody can blame the physician for his attitude towards the Emmanuel Movement. With his exactly trained scientific mind, he has a natural unwillingness to enter into a practice in which the quack can work; he does not care to appeal to factors endlessly misused by humbugs and mixed with ideas of mysticism, clairvoyance and fraud. Again the average physician is sufficiently trained in scientific attitude of mind to know that he ought not to go into a field without more training. The minister, however, is like a somnambulist on the verge of an abyss; he doesn't realize the dangers of tampering with the complexities of the brain. No surgeon would dare to operate without an exact knowledge of anatomy and physiology, and so a physician hesitates to operate on mental life without better knowledge. As a reaction of the Emmanuel Movement, it is to be hoped that eventually psychology will be studied thoroughly by medical students. If that shall come about the Church will have accomplished much; on the other hand, I hope its own dabbling in medicine will be only an episode. Indeed, the cure by suggestibility is best after all, when used to supplement the cure by drugs or by surgery. The Church has seen its weakness in this respect, and ministers add to their suggestion by becoming amateurish physicians—and the movement becomes very bad. A functional disease is beyond this sort of amateurish physician; and tampering with it means far more danger to the patient than the slight help gained by enforced suggestibility through religious emotion. In short, the minister in trying to be a physician, attempts without proper knowledge what a physician can do carefully and scientifically.

"So much for the patient. How does this movement affect the Church. We live in a time in which too many factors are subordinated to self-seeking avoidance of pain; in a time when our ideals are getting very much dulled. We are subordinating our ideals to what pleases us. Thus beauty, morality and even progress are becoming transformed through our making-over of our ideals. If religion shall become so transformed, then our greatest field of idealism will be lost. The more the Church emphasizes the practice of curing the sick, the more it loses its right to be a leader in idealism. The teachers in the Emmanuel movement declare that through their cures they bring people to the Church; but just there the confusion arises. If religion is to be treated as nothing but a psychological emotion, it has no spiritual value at all.

"The belief of the Christian Scientist, which is absolute, or attempts to be, may be said to be more dignified. To be sure, the philosophy of Christian Science, as expressed in 'Science and Health,' is a juggling of words; a set of deductions drawn from a confusion of terms, but it is clever; but it is not the philosophy, as they read it, but the results which impress the followers of Mrs. Eddy. In their belief they are more consistent than any followers of the Emmanuel movement. The Christian Scientists say the mind triumphs over the body, as the Emmanuelists practise, it is fair to say, that the body triumphs over the mind.

"In conclusion, I believe religion should be kept pure and clear of psycho-physical associations. Such things should be left to the physicians; and I hope that soon these matters will drift away from the Church and return to their proper place—in the hands of the physicians."

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A REBELLIOUS WIFE."

Several periodicals have had them of late—confessions of rebellious wives, or of wives not happy in their marital relations. Among the latest is that in a recent number of The American Magazine. The best comment we have seen on these confessions comes from the Western Christian Advocate, written we presume by the editor-in-chief, the Rev. Dr. Levi Gilbert, who several years ago was a pastor in Seattle. We reproduce it here in part:

"This contribution is no worse than a number that have appeared in other periodicals—perhaps not so bad. But they are, all of them, the veriest drivel and rot, and the most abominable kind of unwholesome reading. We have a vague suspicion that the "Confessions" are simply fiction, and, it may be, written by a man instead of a woman.

"But if they are genuine and some woman—lured by the price paid per page by the magazine—wrote them, then it becomes all the more astonishing that any woman could so lay bare for public view the secrets of her own heart and the privacy of her own home. The whole tone of the narrative betrays a morbid, introspective, self-analytical mood, and shows us a woman who must be narrow-minded, jealous, petty, and frivolous in her sympathies, ungenerous—a neurasthenic, if not a fool.

" 'Frank' is her husband, and this 'rebellious' wife goes on to detail every small item of his deficiences in personality and daily conduct, and to make herself out a greviously injured woman and much abused wife. But she evidently hasn't any sense, and she magnifies molehills into mountains. How she can keep a hypocritical face on her and pretend to love a man whom in cold blood she can set before us like squab on toast—whom she can dissect and whose every peccadillo she can lay out upon the operating table—passes comprehension. All this time it never seems to occur to her that she is anything less than a tin angel without a fault or flaw.

"It is to be devoutly hoped that "Frank" will not recognize his portrait in this delicate contribution of his precious wife. It might give hm a jolt. Even by the "Confessions" of his dear helpmate, Frank didn't do anything so very atrocious. He wasn't half as bad as a good many others of us unworthy reprobates of husbands have been on several occasions. And yet our wives somewhat put up with us and don't go rushing off into print—at so much a line—every time we growl because the coffee is cold or the house-dog barks at night. They know that we're not perfect and that some little allowances must be made for such bear-like creatures as most men are. They took us for better or worse, and if the better averages up with the worse and perhaps has a balance on the credit side, as things go in this mortal world of sin and misery, the contract hasn't been such a bad one, and the firm has no need to go into the receiver's hands. They know—what the over-sensitive "rebellious" soul who wrote the "Confessions" seems not to have caught on to—that there is a rather a fundamental difference in the relations of a man and woman in the marriage state from that of the courtship period, wherein there were no mutual burdens, cares, and strains, and that all of life can't be billing and cooing. They have a right to expect that the honeymoon shall, in a real way, be perpetuated; but, even when we old, cross-grained sinners occasionally get grumpy and say things, they know we don't mean anything by it—that we are really loving them to desperation all the time. And they're correct—we can't help loving 'em. We know they're all right—perfect and adorable. There's not a man of us that would be tempted by a thousand-dollar check to write "The Confession of a Rebellious Husband." But we shudder to think what will be the result if this woman's article shall set all the wives in the country brooding over the fancied slights and wrongs they have received from their hubbies, and then cataloguing and indexing them and putting them on file to sometime be expanded on the typewriter!"

WHAT, WHEN, WHO.

By Mary Packard Rollins.

Pray, what did T. Buchanan Read?
At what did E. A. Poe?
What volumes did Elizur Wright?
And where did E. P. Roe?

Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?
Is Rider Haggard pale?
Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
And Edward Everett Hale?

Was Laurence Sterne? Was Herman Grimm?
Was Edward Young? John Gay?
Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?
And why was Thomas Gray?

Was John Brown? and is J. R. Green?
Chief Justice Taney quite?
Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore?
Mark Lemon? H. K. White?

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
John Suckling vealy? Pray,
Was Hogg much given to the pen?
Are Lamb's Tales sold today?

Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?
Did C. D. Warner? How?
At what did Andrew Marvell so?
Does Edward Whymper now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?
Or Richard Boyle beside?
That gave the wicked Thomas Paine,
And made Mark Akenside?

Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?
Did Richard Steele, I ask?
Tell me, has George A. Sala suit?
Did William Ware a Mask?

Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?
John Horne Tooke what and when?
Is Gordon Cumming? Has G. W.
Cable-d his friends again?

THE SALT HABIT.

One who holds table salt as essential should try eating the skins of all vegetables and fruits and the whole cereals, and see whether the craving for salt does not grow less as one perseveres. Vegetables cooked "in their jackets" do not require salt. The organic salts are in the skins. There is the iron to make red blood and rosy cheeks, even as it makes red cheeks of the apple; ther is enamel to protect

the teeth even as the tender meat of the fruit is protected; there are the bone and brain builders in correct and available form.—From August Physical Culture.

A GLIMPSE OF OLD OCEAN.

L. M. F.

To one who has so often at early evening or in the dark hours of the night, watched the coast light flash out its signal of warning and of welcome, who has looked at "The Golden Gate" when the mist dimmed its beauty, or the sunshine clothed it with its rightful splendor, there was a fascination in the thought of passing through that far-famed gateway, and being for a little time, and going for a little way, on that vast ocean whose boundless waters touch the mysterious shores of Oriental lands.

It was a new pleasure to watch the Cliff House and the forts at the entrance of the harbor, as our boat steamed past them bearing us on down the Coast.

And now we are well on our way and have at last about us the ever swelling breaking waves that, leaving our good ship's side, hasten to dash themselves in foam upon the shore. On we press, making our own path through the yielding waters.

It was good to see all along the indented coast the bays and headlands, the mountain ranges, some of them far away with snow upon their majestic heads, the scarred and rounded hills with their mantle of green, and the valleys with here and there homes in some sheltered nook, where the dwellers could hear day and night the music of the waves, places—

"Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars."

It was good to follow the example of those who in that far past time first ventured out upon the mysterious sea; and keep near to the land that to human minds and hearts has ever seemed a safer place for rest and home.

During our voyage the great ocean was in its gentlest mood. We saw something of its restless life, but the waves that in the hour when the tempest smites them, have power to dash the great ships on the cruel rocks, pressed with soft caress our favored bark as she ploughed her own path through the sea. Who can describe the beauty of this track, the majestic rising and falling of the mighty waves, the sea gulls dashing down into it, the path itself a boiling mass as if a thousand geysers were casting up from the dark depths their white foam and brilliant colored gems, with the trail of our steamer's smoke hanging in strange contrast above it!

Come now and look at the favored ones who are being borne over the mighty waters. Some of them are to be found playing cards in the foul air of the smoking room, apparently land or sea, the hills, the green filds or the wonders of the deep are alike uninteresting to them. Others found different ways of spending the time that passed so quickly. It semed as if they could spend hours watching "the rounded mirrors of the deep," looking at the foam rolling out upon, curling under and cresting the waves, gazing out over the vast expanse of ocean; each one making for himself the place where the sky rested upon the restless waters.

Others watched the great piston rods moving so swiftly—fit type of the flight of time. We had also with us the sea gulls. On they came, now near, now far above in the blue sky, now dashing down into the billows, the perfect outline of their pure white wings outspread, their grace of motion, pleased the eye and brought joy to the heart.

Here about us at last were "acres of diamonds," the flashing jewels of the sea. As we looked down upon the dark waves there came welling up beneath them patches of emerald green. Some saw far off another ship that soon passed out of sight. Above us was the dear familiar canopy of the blue sky; out around us we saw—

—"The ocean spreading free
To the horizon dim and far;
Then, faint and pale, one glimmering star;
Beyond the star, ah! who can say?"

And now the night has come, and the moon rides as a queen in the heavens. The moonlit waves flash out their phosphorescent glories. Points, gleams and bands of softest, ourest light play hide and seek down deep in the dark waters or crest the waves with glory.

Think of the beauty that lies hid far beneath, guarded by those mighty ever restless billows. All the exquisite colors of the choicest garden flowers, all the delicate traceries of the leaves in the springtime, seem matched and often rivalled in the murmuring shells and myriad forms of life that the great sea holds within its bosom.

All the long night our noble ship must meet the impact of the waves and press on through them towards the far haven. While many sleep, others must watch and work all the dark hours. Some wakeful one hears the footsteps of the watch as he paces his narrow round. Down deep in the hold below the water line, are the men on whose faithfulness all are unconsciously trusting. How it would help to draw men together in the truest brotherhood if each class realized more fully its dependence upon others.

The steamer does not fail, the men are faithful to their tasks, the good ship conquers in its struggle with the waves, and we reached at last our safe harbor.

How the feeling with which men look upon this mighty flood of waters has changed since the Apostle wrote, "There shall be no more sea." Then the sea was a prison wall, now it is the highway for the journey, and long is its record of heroic deeds, but the sea is a conquered domain. As Ruskin says, "The nails that fasten together the planks of the boat's bow are the rivets of the fellowship of the world. Their iron does more than draw lightning out of heaven,—it leads love around the earth."

SPIRITUAL PAUPERISM.

An Editorial in The Interior.

Poverty is no disgrace. It may be hard sometimes for a poor man to hold up his head even in a society professedly democratic. But instances are frequent and inspiring of poor men who have won highest honor. In fact, it is wealth that is viewed with suspicion just now; it is the rich man rather than the poor who is asked to prove his honesty.

Poverty is not a curse. Most of the leaders still come from homes where the discipline of want is felt, not from kings' palaces. Many a wealthy man would echo the words of a rich American, "The hardest problem I am facing is how to secure for my boy the advantages of a poor man's son."

But pauperism is both a disgrace and a curse.

It blights the lives of men, women and children who come under its shadow. It makes others ashamed for them, while it dulls their own manly sense of shame. It forms the hardest problem in connection with charity. It is easy to help the poor; it is next to impossible to help the pauper.

All grave social questions have their roots entangled with the tough root of pauperism.

What is the difference?

The poor lacks much of life's good; he may suffer; he may need help; his life may be seriously handicapped; but he wants to work and to succeed; he struggles manfully to get what he needs. The pauper is content to be dependent, to live on the labor of others. He may be a beggar, loafing because it is easier to live on the sympathy of the benevolent than to support himself by toil. He may be wealthy, loafing because his father left him money enough to assure his support without labor on his part. In any case, to be a pauper is a disgrace and a curse. Poor or rich, the idler who depends on others for his support and is content to be dependent, is a disgrace to his friends and a burden to the community.

So is it in the spiritual life.

To be spiritually poor is not necessarily bad; it may even be a blessing. Jesus said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Spiritual poverty is the realization of one's deficiencies, failures, weaknesses, in the moral and religious life. Its prayer is that of the publican, "God be merciful to me, the sinner." There is hope and strength in it.

But spiritual pauperism is a disgrace and a curse.

To be a spiritual pauper is to be dependent on others for moral code and religious force; it is to be a parasite, nourishing a poor soul-existence by feeding on what others think and feel and believe and achieve; it is to be content with such a dependent existence.

It originates nothing, adds no moral force to society, no religious power to the Church, but draws from society and the Church its needed nourishment. It has no vitality, no self-respect. It is a drag on the religious forces, a reproach to the Church.

Just as material pauperism is one of the hardest problems for the social worker, so spiritual pauperism is one of the hardest problems for the church worker. The average minister spends a large percentage of his time and energy in hopeless ministry to spiritual paupers.

Who are they?

They are of many varieties and discouraging numbers. Theirs are the names on the reserve rolls of our churches—names only, a dead weight on the Church; they are the members who hang on to the Church instead of holding it up; the people who join the Church and then disappear, until a wedding, a funeral, the baptism of a child, brings them back for the occasion, only to drop out again completely when the occasion is past; the people who must be looked up by minister, elders, trustees, who do not even take the trouble to inform the Church officers of changes of address. Only the conscientious Church worker knows how many of these spiritual paupers there are who "have a name to be living and are dead."

There are those who have no vital religious experience of their own, and try to sustain their half-starved souls on inherited ideas and faiths and customs. Inherited wealth, of cash or religious doctrine and habit, is a blessing when used as a help to nobler personal acheivement, a curse when made an excuse for idleness.

Here among the spiritual paupers must be ranked also the man who "has his religion in his wife's name," the man or woman who is classed as a Presbyterian because of occasional gifts of money to the Church, spasmodic attendance at its services or nominal membership in some of its organizations.

Just as maternal pauperism is a curse not only to the men and women who yield to it, but to the second and third and fourth generation, so one of the most deadly evils of spiritual pauperism is its effect on the children. It is from these spiritually pauperized homes that the stunted souls come, harder to win to eternal life than downright heathen.

The worst weakness of the Church today is this curse of spiritual pauperism.

God meant every man and women to live his own independent life with God, to have his personal experience of communion with the Holy Spirit, to render his own worthy service to Christ, to fill an essential place, however small, in the Church, to add to the health and vigor of the body of Christ, not to drain its life-blood to sustain a helpless, dependent, parasitic existence. Every new member ought to be and remain an added force, not an added weight.

Every man must work out his own salvation. You never really find God and eternal life till you can say, "This God is my God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another's."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven"; but shame on the spiritual paupers, for they exhaust the Church's vitality in doing for them what they ought to do for themselves, and, more than any other cause, keep back the answer to the prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

A MID-SUMMER APPEAL FROM THE CHURCH TO THE STATE.

By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph. D.

Everybody is supposed to know that the State should not dominate over the Church, nor the Church dominate over the State, but many seem to have overlooked the fact that it has been a part of the American theory from the beginning that the State and the Church should heartily co-operate in promoting public morals. The church by influencing individual character and the State by granting a better environment, make it harder to do wrong, easier to do right. If thoughtful, statesmen recognize that in the repression of vice and crime churches are more influential than all the police stations and prisons. Jefferson, who was far from orthodox in his religious views, regarded the Sunday Schools as one of the most important factors in the development of a better social life. A Hebrew commercial traveler on finding no churches in the town which he had just entered for business, left by the first train, refusing to sell any customer on credit in such a place. Every leader of morals and of statesmanship recognizes the meaning of such an act, namely that the church is the chief of police and must be relied upon more than any and all other forces for the development of honesty and other personal and social virtues. The church therefore has a right to appeal to the State to remove all unnecessary obstacles to this fundamental work, which it is expected to do and particularly has the church a right to insist on the enforcement of Sunday laws usually far from strong, when such violations as in case of bar rooms, drawing away from the churches the very element of the population most needed to moral influence, not alone to save their souls in Heaven, but to save them from juvenile crime or a worthless manhood.

Every citizen who believes that the influence of the church on the whole tends to diminish crime and promote social warfare, should in some way co-operate with the Church. It is no doubt largely because this aspect of the

case has been overlooked that so many reputable citizens have entirely deserted the churches. It should be remembered, when the temptation to rule the Church is strongest, that the summer months are the very months when vice and crime reach their high tide and surely neither the individual citizen nor the state can afford to neglect any means to better this serious condition, not alone for God's sake but for man's sake and in all seasons of the year a good citizen should be a church goer and the State should enforce the laws.

COURT REFORM BILL.

I. R. B.

Henry D. Clayton, of Alabama, has introduced a bill in Congress to reform the judicial branch of Government by removing an abuse of which the signers of the Declaration of Independence never dreamed. The bill, which is very short but may make no little stir, is as follows: "No United States attorney, while in office, shall accept retainers or engage in any other law business than that pertaining to the duties of his office." H. R. 11393. This is the first step toward curing the delays of the courts, which Justices Brewer and Brown, Attorney-General Bonaparte and President Taft himself have recently condemned.

The law is copied from one enacted by the last Congress for the U. S. Attorney of Alaska, whihc Mr. Clayton would extend to all other U. S. Attorneys, not alone to lessen the scandalous court delays but also to prevent the worse scandal of allowing official prosecutors to receive bribes in the form of retainers, making it possible one shall be confronted with the duty of prosecuting in one court a man who is his own client in another. Indeed it was such a scandal as this which led the International Reform Bureau to request Mr. Clayton to introduce the bill; the case of Mr. R. W. Breckons, U. S. Attorney for Hawaii. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the Reform Bureau, said in an interview ths other day that Mr. Breckons had advertised for years in the Chinese paper in Hawaii, calling himself the "Government lawyer," that he would act as defendant's attorney in the territorial courts for the very class of criminal Chinese he was likely to be called on to prosecute in the Federal courts; indeed in one notorious case he engaged to collect $7,000 for a Chinaman at the very time the latter was under indictment in the Federal court for a serious offense, which indictment was nollified soon after. This case and many others and a petition for Mr. Breckon's removal signed by the attorneys and other reputable citizens of Honolulu led to official investigation and public censure and resignation near the end of the term of President Roosevelt, who nominated as his successor Hon. A. C. Atkinson, who had done good service in Hawaii as judge and acting governor. The nomination was generally applauded by good citizens there, but as it was made only four days before the expiration of the 60th Congress, it went over. When it was expected that President Taft would renew it, the new Attorney-General instead asked Mr. Breckons to withdraw his resignation and continue in office not even requiring that he should desist from private practice, which had included not alone individuals but corporations such as the sugar planters and importers of Japenese laborers, whom he was likely to be called on to prosecute. The good citizens whose co-operation such an officer needs, have renewed their demand for his removal, but it as a common saying in Washington that no man can be removed who has a Senator firmly behind him. This office, even before Mr. Breckon's appointment, seems to have been reckoned one of the perquisites of Senator Warren of Wyoming in the White House bookkeeping of patronage.

Washington, D. C., July 19.

THE NAVAJO INDIANS.

By M. Dias.

Nearly one hundred miles from Gallup, N. M., Holbrook and Canyon Diablo, Ariz., the nearest railroad points, live the Navajo Indians. Owing to their distance from the beaten paths of travel, they are not often intruded upon by visitors from the outside world, and their manners and customs from the earliest days still survive with little change.

The Navajo "hogan," or hut, is made like an Eskimo hut. It is built of railroad ties plastered with adobe mud. A square hole is left in the roof of the hut to let out the smoke. The inside of the hogan is plastered with adobe. All that one can find in the hut is a fire in the center of the room and a few sheepskins, used to sit on, lying on the ground. Not one piece of furniture can be found in a Navajo hogan. These hogans are a mile or so apart. Surrounding each are great cornfields, to which the Navajos owe their very existence. They cultivate their land very much like the white people, as they are being supplied with implements from the government.

The Navajo reservation lies in New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Utah. Going sixty-five miles each day on a pony, one requires eight or nine days to cross the reservation. The number of the Navajos is estimated at about thirty thousand. The reservation includes the desert, a land of thirst, which is inhabited by the wandering Navajos. In some places green pastures can be found, which the Indians use for their sheep-herding. Much of the reservation is a land of wondrous beauty, with sandy plains, deep arroyos, stained and painted in splendid rainbow hues

The Navajos make their living largely by blanket-weaving, which is their chief occupation. Each Navajo has two or three wives, who do all the blanket-weaving. The children who are able to go to school are supported by the government. The children who remain at home do the sheep-herding, while the men do the sheep-shearing and attend to the cattle. Most of them own three or four thousand sheep.

The Navajos are very superstitious. For instance, when one is sick they believe that it is because of the evil spirits. One day a man having tuberculosis (his lungs being almost entirely gone) was found by a missionary alone with a medicine man—a so-called doctor. This man, named Hastin Yazzie, was pounding the man with his fists to send the evil spirit out of his lungs, then rubbing him gently back and forth several times, giving a click against an empty bottle; then he corked the bottle up and made the sick man believe that he now had the evil spirit and that he would get better. As might have been expected, the patient died. Th government sends out physicians to them, one for each hundred miles. But this is not a sufficient number to care for all the sick, and the medicine man is very active. Would it not be better for the government to send more doctors and forbid the practices of the medicine men?

At present there are but few missionary churches or schools, and because of this many of the Navajos are left to die without the knowledge of a Saviour. The Navajos still serve idols and often can be found praying to the sun,

mountains, and often to some sacred figure in the ground painted in different colors. Their idea of the hereafter is very gloomy. Only at the time of the burial of the dead can one find out what idea they have of the hereafter. While the corpse is still warm two men will carry it up some high mountains and throw it between two cliffs. After this enough stones are gathered to cover the body. Then the dead man's pony is killed, and the pony and saddle are thrown on the corpse and the grave is filled with stones. They believe that after a time they will awake again, and that then they can saddle their pony and ride into the next world. This is their fifth world. The Indians do not bury the corpse after it has become cold, but leave it on the ground to be buried by a government officer or a missionary who may happen to come along.

The Navajo Indians are fifty years behind any other tribe, and thus far little missionary work has been done among them. What the Church ought to do is to civilize them and teach them the way of salvation; for when an Indian has become a Christian, he can always be depended upon, for he stands firm to the end.

THE WILL TO PRAY.

Charles E. Chase.

I stood one fairest night, or dreamed I that I stood,
Beside a great expanse whereon lay ev'ry good.
And one was with me, one, of Kingly Grace and Light,
Who said, "Thou lovest me? Then choose thy will tonight.
Thy will this tranquil night, they witness, stars and moon,
What thy heart, very heart dost reckon richest boon.
And I, in solemn awe, my soul to silence bent,
Dared not to choose a gift from gracious Heaven sent.
"Brave thy choice," then urged the voice, "Speak, what dost thou say?"
And I all meek, breathed, "This I seek, the Will to Pray."

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Topic for August 8: "Why Should War Be Abolished." Isa. 2:2-4; Matt. 5: 38-48.

Wm. H. Scudder.

There are hours in this world's history in which certain great factors come to their crisis. Such was the Reformation. Such was the 4th of July, 1776, and the hour of slave emancipation by President Lincoln. Are we approaching another great hour, when the Dove of Peace shall gather the nations under her wing, and war shall be no more? Many are the reasons why war should be abolished.

1. Consider these figures which represent in round numbers the men in the standing armies in Europe: Russia, 800,000; France, 500,000; Germany, 425,000; Austria, 300,000; Great Britain, 250,000; Turkey, 150,000; Switzerland, 100,000; Spain, 100,000. This conservative estimate of 2,725,000 men forms 1 per cent of the entire population of Europe. It is about 1 to 50 of the entire male population, and 1 to 15 of the adult male population. The withdrawal of such a proportion of men from the industrial ranks would seem to be a sufficient reason for the abolition of war.

2. This vast host represents the best qualities in the young manhood of these nations.

The method of recruiting the armies of Europe is practically the same. The number of young men coming of age is ascertained, certain tests required, which practically eliminate all physical and mental defects, and the army is recruited from the remainder. If this should outnumber the required recruits, the ballot is used to determine who shall be exempt. Thus in a certain year, 262,000 male citizens came of age in Germany; 110,000 passed the requirements, 100,000 only being required, the ballot was used to select out the 10,000. Surely this is a heavy price to pay for the maintenance of a standing army.

The cost of such a host of men who, for the most part, are idle, who are compelled to serve in the army at a period when youth, ability, ambition, and opportunity, would lead them to swell the ranks of the workers, thinkers, and leaders of the nation,—the cost to the nation—is burdensome. It is estimated that the army costs $1.50 per capita in Russia; $1.75 in Spain; $2.00 in Germany; $4.00 in England, and $5.00 in France.

Nothing has been said of the Navy, nor is there time to do so; suffice it to say that there was never a time when more battle ships of the most expensive type were being built; never a time when it cost more to maintain them; and never a period when they so soon become worthless. Taking it all in all, there can be little questioning of President Schurman's estimate, that the nations of Europe alone, spend annually $7,000,000,000 in maintaining and enlarging their military equipment. Turn that sum into necessary requisites of better living, to improvements for the benefit of the poor in overcrowded cities, to the relief of the sick and the uneducated, and the present groaning would give place to thanksgiving, and rejoicing.

But what has Christian Endeavor to do with all of this? The answer can be found in this most profound fact, that up to within a very few years, if not even now, the Christian Church has acquiesced in, if it has not actually fostered, the spirit of war. Prof. Mozley, one of Oxford's most brilliant writers, delivered a lecture but a very few years ago in defense of war on purely Christian grounds. This tendency of Christianity has been well summed up in these brief sentences, by a recognized authority on the subject of war:

"The Christian dispensation was the child and logical outcome of the Jewish; and the history of Judaism, as detailed in the Old Testament, resembles the history of every other people struggling out of barbarism into civilization, and obtaining national life for itself, in being largely occupied with the story of War. Thus, military analogies, metaphors, anecdotes, images, and heroes, crowded on the minds of the early Christian writers, and competed with their thoughts of a kingdom which was not of this world, and which was to perish with the sword. Christian history soon became merged in the history of the European world; and while Christianity did much to introduce Peace into War, the secular world around it did far more to introduce war into the Kingdom of Peace. Nevertheless, the combined influence of two such strong passions as military ardor and religious zeal induced the Christian Church not only to recognize war as a salutary and necessary instrument, but to propagate doctrines which extolled "a just war" with all the fanatical credulity with which the Mohammedan leader applauded an expedition against the infidel." —(Prof. Sheldon Amos, University College, London).

But within the past quarter of a century a change has passed over the face of the world. Barbaric civilizations have gradually faded, the idea that Might is Right, has come to be, Right is Might. Peaceful occupations have pos-

sessed the minds of all men, and ambitions have been laid beside commercial and industrial pursuits. Education has dispelled the thought that brute force is conquerer over intellectual and moral powers. The idea of Universal Brotherhood has begun to permeate the race in place of the ancient and false notion that there was but one people, and that is OURS. War itself has taught the world that the hour approaches for its abolition, not alone in the terrible experiences which it has forced on the participants, but in its true inward horror as brought to our tables in the descriptions by newspaper correspondents. Finally the great law of love is getting hold of men in a practical way, and the real object of the Creator in placing a race of moral intelligences on this earth is coming into view. Peace Congresses are pointing the way, and great leaders are concentrating the thought of the nations. What we need more than anything else just now, is a prevalent sentiment that war must be abolished, as unnatural, unnecessary, and unchristian. Here is the opportunity of Christian Endeavor. Its millions can create such a sentiment, by declaring, unequivocally, for the following of the Prince of Peace, whose reign is one of gentleness, righteousness, and practical love to all men.

Among the Churches

Berkeley, North.—Wednesday evening of last week a unanimous call was extended to the Rev. S. C. Patterson of Bethany Church, San Francisco. Mr. Patterson is at present away on vacation. Until a pastor is secured the work of the church is under the direction of the Rev. Geo. H. Dekay.

Redondo Beach.—Mrs. Abby Snell Burnell spoke at the evening service at the Redondo Beach Congregational church Sunday evening, July 18th. She appears in the character of and impersonating a High Caste Hindu woman and gives a most graphic and realistic story of life in India. Mrs. Burnell captivates her audience by her personality and interests even those who have refused to be interested in mission work in foreign lands. Though not giving a missionary address, but only telling a fascinating story of the life of a Hindu wife she is doing a great work for the cause of Christ in that heathen land. She deserves a place in every pulpit.

REDONDO RETREAT.

Under the Auspices of the Evangelical Prayer Union.

A week of fellowship and waiting on God will be held at Redondo, Cal., from August 23 to 30, 1909. The objects will be, not study and work, but rest and drawing nearer to God. The services will be arranged with a view to restfulness and refreshing, giving time for quiet and recreation by the sea.

To find the spirit of retirement and to gather up the spiritual forces for future work will be the chief aims.

The meetings will be held, except as otherwise provided for, in the Congregational Church, Broadway and Emerald street. One day (Saturday, August 28) will be spent at Manhattan Beach.

For particulars about travel and accommodations, apply to REV. WM. P. HARDY, Congregational Church, Broadway and Emerald St., Redondo, Cal., or Evangelical Prayer Union, P. O. Box 1285, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE HOME

THE HURT IN THE HEART.

Forgive you?—O, of course, dear,
A dozen times a week!
We women were created
Forgiveness but to speak.
You'd die before you'd hurt me
Intentionally? . . True,
But it is not, O dearest,
The thing you mean to do—
It's what you do unthinking
That makes the quick tear start;
The tear may be forgotten,
But the hurt stays in the heart;
And though I may forgive you
A dozen times a day,
Yet each forgiveness wears, dear,
A little love away.
And one day you'll be grieving
And chiding me, no doubt,
Because so much forgiving
Has worn a great love out.

TO THOSE WHO TARRY AT HOME.

There are some in this world who are compelled to tarry at home. The great race of life goes on, and they are left behind; they are too weak to run. . . They have nothing to do with the hand, with the sweat of the brow, with the toil of the brain; their work is all with the heart. But what a work that is! The toils of the hand and brain are nothing to it; these yield a solace by their very energy, but the sad heart has only to bear. It is harder to bear than to do. I may be rudely jostled in the race, but the race itself gives an excitement that makes me forget my pain; I am there, at least, in the company of my fellow-men. But to tarry at home, to wait passive under the shadow of God, to have nothing to do but bear the burden of one great cross; this is the trial of life—this is the trial of love. Yes, my soul, and this is thy communion with thy Lord. His work, too, was to tarry at home. All the runners in the race laid their burdens upon him, and left him alone to bear them. He bowed his head in the garden, but he fainted not. He emptied his glory on the cross, but his love remained full. Stand beside him, oh, my soul; watch with him in the lonely garden; help him to bear his cross up the via dolorosa; strive with the dying penitent by his side to see the majestic strength of his sustained weakness; and thou shalt know why it is written of him, "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."—George Matheson.

TYRANNY IN THE HOME.

The naturally strong-willed have grave need constantly to guard against the sin of tyranny, of overriding, for their

own pleasure or success, the personalities of those gathered about them. In the very name of affection the greatest injuries are sometimes so wrought. There are fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, and friends of every degree, who are not willing that those about them should have the opportunity to live out their own lives.

It is not less true that there is no condition of happiness in friendship so great as this same reverence for the person as such. The heedless insistence that people shall be happy in the way in which you please, and not in their own way, may not always provoke rebellion, but it makes genuine happiness impossible. There are some apparently smooth-running households that are smooth-running, not because the relations are what they ought to be, but simply because five people in the home have decided that the only way to have peace is to allow the sixth to have his own way. And this sixth person may very likely think of himself as peculiarly devoted to the happiness of the other inmates of the house. But his standpoint is that he knows far better than any of them what is good for them, and they shall have what he thinks is good for them, whether they like it or not. He is able, thus, with good conscience, to maintain his intolerant self-will, and at the same time to seem to himself devoted to the happiness of his household.

These benevolent tyrants, who have a fully developed plan for every soul they meet, and are even ready to go to considerable lengths of self-sacrifice of a sort, if they may only be allowed to carry out their own plan, may well be reminded of those suggestive words of Charlotte Yonge, that none of us are likely to take too deeply to heart, "It is a great thing to sacrifice; it is greater to consent not to sacrifice in one's own way."—President Henry Churchill King, in The Laws of Friendship.

WOMAN THE CIVILIZER.

John K. Le Baron.

The degree of civilization to which a nation has attained may be pretty accurately determined by the status of its women.

Among savages the woman was a beast of burden.

The women of Hindoostan used to drown their female infants in the Ganges.

In some Old World countries even in this day woman is recognized as a helpmate in only the most menial sense.

In America woman has reached her most exalted sphere —and it seems strange, therefore, that in this country she has filed the most protests. Ingersoll, whose soul was always attuned to love and sympathy for woman, declared:

"She has all the rights I have and one more, and that is the right to be protected. That is my doctrine."

That was the doctrine of a man who symbolized in his domestic life the highest ideals of our best civilization.

Yet there are men today by the millions who delight to class themselves as woman's superior. And such men are generally of the very inferior grade.

We are evolving, but we have not yet evolved.

We are, however, a long way ahead of the days when St. Chrysostom described woman as "a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a domestic peril."

The Puritan idea of woman is admirably expressed by the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, that fine old specimen of the intolerant age in which he lived, when he refers to his wife as his "yoke-mate."

Imagine Sebastian Bach, speaking thus of his wives, who were his helpmates in the best sense.

Imagine Browning regarding his gifted partner, who was his inspiration, as a yoke-mate—an ox!

The mother of Confucius was a woman of towering intellectual personality. The ignorant Chinaman of her day, no doubt, regarded her as his inferior.

The mother and the wife of Pythagoras both contributed much to the fame of "the teacher of teachers."

There have been few greater mathematical minds than that of Maria Agnesi.

It was Hypatia, a woman, whom the monks maimed and killed because of their jealousy of her great wisdom.

All the keys to knowledge are not in the keeping of men.

What man among us would set himself up as superior in all the qualities of character to Maria Theresa, "an honor to her sex and the glory of her throne?"

It was a woman at the head of the armyof France that defeated the English at Orleans.

It was a woman whose book was the "bone and sinew" of Lincoln's great emancipation policy.

Compare the reign of Victoria with seven-eights of her royal predecessors. The comparison is not favorable to the men who have worn the British crown.

It was a woman—and an American—who discovered Herbert Spencer, and insisted upon the recognition of that "imperial genius," as Skilton calls him.

The story would require a thousand chapters were it told in full.

We no longer regard woman as "a necessary evil."

Eve was a revised and improved edition of Adam.—Post-Dispatch.

A KIND NEIGHBOR.

David Lyall.

She was a small, insignificant woman of whom very little was known. She wore a brown frock usually, with a little soft cream colour about the neck, which lent a peculiar softness to her sweet, kind face. With this, in summer, she would wear a small cloak of lace, which she could drape with a quite peculiar grace about her shoulders. In winter she protected hreself by a long coat of sealskin, in which she looked particularly charming. These two things, the neighbors concluded, were relics of her better days. The street in which she lived, in a remote and obscure London suburb, was quite undistinguished except for its monotony. The houses were as like as peas in a pod, and it sometimes puzzled the small brown woman how latecomers were ever able in the darkness to find their own particular door. She took a kindly interest in all the dwellers in Helstone Gardens, and had always a sweet word and a ready smile for the children, who would run to her confidingly, quite certain that she would always sympathize with them, whatever their mood. Nobody quite knew how it began, but gradually, as it were, the dwellers in Helstone Gardens began to look upon Miss Penfold as a real friend, the sort of person you could run to in an emergency, quite certain she would not only be willing to listen, but would also know exactly what to do. For this reason, poor little Bessie Claremont ran into Miss Penfold's house one afternoon, absolutely distraught, after a quarrel with Dick. A quarrel with Dick six or even three months before would have seemed incredible, a possibility that could never by

any chance become a reality! Dick had been perfectly abominable, of course, and it had all risen out of a trifle.

"I've just run in, dear Miss Penfold," cried Bessie, her pretty face all distorted through the copious tears she had shed, "to say good-bye. I'm going home to my mother this afternoon."

"Ah! on a little visit," said Miss Penfold, nodding, though she knew perfectly well that such was not the case, but that there had been trouble in the house of the honeymoon pair. They were not the only pair shaking down to each other's ways in Helstone Gardens, which was a favorite resort of the newly-wed, and through which middle-aged couples sometimes sauntered of a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, just to refresh old and rather sweet memories of the days when they had begun so modestly, and had only dreamed dreams of the big houses on the other side of the hill to which they had ultimately removed.

"A little sudden, isn't it? Why not wait till Saturday and let Mr. Claremont take you? It would do him a great good, a week-end in the country. Hazelmere, I think you said your people lived."

"No, it's Edith Grantley's people who live at Hazelmere. Mine are only at Pinner, at least at Hatch End. And I thought I'd like to thank you, dear Miss Penfold, for always being so kind, and for the loan of your preserving pan and your hints about the way to buy joints. I hope you'll be as kind to some other poor foolish girl who has left a good home to—to—keep house for some hard, cold-hearted, ungrateful man."

Miss Penfold did not even smile.

"And what is the hard, cold-hearted, ungrateful man going to do while you are disporting yourself at Hatch End?" she enquired imperturbably.

"Oh, he can go to his own people, or get along as best he can with Arabella," she said scornfully. "Then perhaps he will understand how I toil and slave in that house from morning till night, and how little thanks I have got for it. But I'm not going to do it any longer."

"What was it all about?" enquired Miss Penfold, as she took up the delicate morsel of lace work she had laid down to receive her visitor. There was something very soothing in her voice, in her placid looks, and a sort of quiet began to steal over Bessie's perturbed spirit.

"Oh, there's quite a lot of things. I do my best, and yet he is never pleased. And this morning, what do you think he said? That he would go home one of these days to get a decent breakfast, and to see some faces that had a smile on them."

"He must have been particularly aggravated before he said that," said Miss Penfold. "What happened earlier?"

"Well, I spent a little more money last week than he thought we could afford, and he was very cross about that, and he said we did not get good value for the money, and that women, before they presume to keep a house, should begin to understand the elements of housekeeping, and asked what would happen to a man who dared to go to business so badly equipped. It was perfectly horrid of him, because, of course, he knows I came from a very luxurious home, where nobody ever had to count coppers in such a beggarly way. So I just told him if he were not pleased he could find somebody else to keep his house, and then he banged out of the house, and I packed up, and I'm going down by the three-forty, so you see it's good-bye, Miss Penfold."

"For a day or two, yes, my dear," said Miss Penfold, with a little sigh.

Then quite suddenly she let her work drop on her lap, and leaning forward regarded the flushed face of the young wife with a great deal of tenderness.

"My dear, you are not going to be a silly child. You will go home right now and put off your things and unpack your trunk, or whatever it is that you have packed, and set about getting a specially nice dinner for Mr. Claremont."

"Indeed and I'll do no such thing," said Bessie, in tones of strong indignation; "no such thing! He shall get his dinner where he likes, and the worse it is, the better I shall be pleased."

"I have not the pleasure of knowing your father and mother, but none of the fathers and mothers I have ever known wanted to have a married daughter left like returned goods on their hands."

"Mine are not like that," observed Bessie loftily. "They will be delighted to have me; Papa never wanted me to marry at all, and they all thought Dick rather a poor match."

"But he is a very clever young man," observed Miss Penfold quietly; " I happen to have a friend in the city who knows about him, and he prophecies that he will go far. You will be proud of him one day, my dear. Meanwhile, his faults are those of the young man with his way to make. He is a little quick, and seems inconsiderate, but you know how hard he works. It is all for you, my rear, so that a little later you may have a very different position."

Bessie jumped up, whether to prevent the encroaching of any softer mood, Miss Penfold was unable to decide.

"There, I must go, or I shall miss my train. Good-bye, and if we never meet again I shall always be your grateful friend. But perhaps you will come out to Hatch End and spend a day. I'll get my mother to write."

She kissed Miss Penfold a little hastily, and perhaps shamefacedly, and ran out. About ten minutes later, Miss Penfold, anxiously watching from her casement window, beheld a four-wheeler trundling away from the door of The Maples, with a large dress-box on the top, and Bessie inside.

About six o'clock Miss Penfold sent her maid to deliver a small note at The Maples, and at twenty minutes past seven Dick Claremont came to answer it in person.

"Good evening, Mr. Claremont, it is kind of you to come in in this friendly way," she said pleasantly. "A friend sent me a very large Surrey fowl yesterday. I should never be able to get through it myself. I hope you don't think I presumed."

"Oh no," said Dick a trifle awkwardly. His clear-cut, rather strong face was set a little hardly, but his eyes had a furtive anxiety.

"My wife came in here, you say, this afternoon. May I ask what she said? We—we had a—a few words this morning; they didn't amount to much, and perhaps I was a bit hard on her. I din't mean to be, but I'm bending all my energies on the one thing just now. You see, Miss Penfold, her people did not think—well—that I was quite a good match for Bessie, and I want to show them that she may not have done so badly after all. I'm straining every nerve to get on, and, naturally, I want her to help me."

"Don't strain too hard, dear Mr. Claremont," said Miss Penfold softly. "Believe me, it isn't worth it. Worldly success is a very good thing, and not to be despised. But it can be purchased too dearly. Don't haste to get rich, and take a little time to know your young wife's heart, and to help her, too. Remember that the marriage contract

is a mutual thing, and can never leave responsibility all on one side."

"Bessie complained, of course; said I was a monster of iniquity, I don't doubt," said Claremont hardly.

"She cried a good deal, but it will be all right when she sees you. Dinner is just ready, and you will get down to Hatch End easily before it is too late. Come to the dining-room."

"But I'm not going down to Hatch End," he said blankly. "No fear."

"Oh yes you are."

The dinner was a very simple affair, and they waited on themselves. Miss Penfold did not say any more about Hatch End until coffee came in, and she had found her guest something very special in the way of a cigar.

"You can smoke that going to the station; yes, my dear, you are going, and she's expecting you, I am quite sure. Listen: Once long ago two lives just as promising and as precious as yours were spoiled by just a little trifle, and because there was too much pride on both sides to bend an inch."

Her voice shook a little, and quite suddenly, unfastening the lace front of her gown a little, she took out something on a slender chain that hung about her neck. When it was lying flat on her palm, Claremont saw to his amazement that it was a wedding-ring. He looked at the sweet but always sad face and wondered what was the tragedy behind.

"It is mine," she said, "and now I have not the right to wear it. I left my husband's house for a trifle, and he did not seek me to come back, and so we have drifted through the years. It has been very lonely and bitter, so now you know why you must go to Hatch End to-night."

Dick Claremont took her hand and touched it with his lips, and half an hour later he was at Euston, just in time to catch the last outgoing train.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The leading article of the August Century, the Midsummer Holiday Number, is Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's "Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship," a sympathetic appreciation of the personality of Mr. Cleveland as revealed in an intimacy of many years. The reminiscences will extend to some three installments in The Century Magazine. In them Mr. Gilder records a friendship of twenty-one years, extending from the time of the famous tariff message in the first term to the ex-President's death. These papers constitute the most intimate descripion of Mr. Cleveland's life and characer and personal traits—as President and ex-President, at work and at play—that has yet been given to the world.

The pictures are new and mainly from amateur sources. One of the pictures in the August number gives the interior of the studio at Marion—with Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson and Mrs. Cleveland and her mother—in which room Mr. Cleveland conducted a sort of moot-court of the most amusing description, "one night in Marion." These papers will tell the story of the celebrated Victoria hotel dinner, where the President-elect was said to have surrendered to Tammany. An account will be given o fthe way Mr. Cleveland spent the evening before his second elction. There are anecdotes not only of Mr. Cleveland, but of his close friend, Joseph Jefferson.

A number of Mr. Cleveland's favorite letters are published, and the first paper closes with a section called "The Children's Hour."

The rest of the number is largely fiction, the kind that reads well during midsummer holidays.

WRINKLES—THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

Wrinkles usually indicate certain characteristics. Worry, for instance, is perhaps the most frequent cause of a wrinkled countenance. Worry is nothing more or less than a poison to the mind. It deteriorates the nerve tissues, it devitalizes the blood, it is destructive to the mind, body, and soul. One who has the worrying habit will be merely wasting time in attempting to eliminate wrinkles from his features. Those desirous of elminating wrinkles should first of all forswear mental worry and anxiety; second, increase the general vitality of the body; third, avoid the use of soap on the face, substituting cold cream or olive oil. Either of these should be used at least once a day, and thoroughly removed from the face after once having been thoroughly rubbed in with a soft towel or chamois skin. Masage, a face mask, or any mechanical means that will help to remove the furrows from the skin may be recommended. Face powder should be avoided, as it is nothing more than white dirt, and dirt of any kind, white or black, is disastrous to the maintenance of a clean, smooth skin.—From August Physical Culture.

Young People

BOBBIE'S REMEMBERING.

By Susan Perry Peckham.

Sometimes Mr. Mason was strict, just as strict as he could be, with Bobbie, because Bobbie forgot so many thigs that he ought not to forget. Why, one morning, before breakfast, Bobbie forgot three things that he ought not to forget!

So, when they were at breakfast that morning, Mr. Mason said: "Bob, your mother seems to feel a draught on her back. Did you shut the door of your playroom before you came down?" And Bobby said, "I don't know, daddy." And so he had to go and see, and he found that he had not.

Right away after that, his mother asked him if he had brought in the morning newspaper from the front porch. That was something that he ought to do every morning, but he had not remembered this time. When he was bringing the paper, he heard Puff, the kitten, crying; and they all heard her. Bob's mother said: "She sounds hungry, Bob. You have given her the milk, haven't you?"

No, Bob had forgotten to give Puff her milk. Then Mr. Mason was strict. He said:

"Bob, you said you wanted to give Puff her milk every morning, and you didn't want anybody else to do it. Now, I want you to remember, every morning, to give a breakfast to her. Nobody else is going to: so, if you don't she will get no breakfast. She will suffer, and it will be your fault."

"I'm going to remember, daddy," said Bob: "I will remember every day."

"Well, don't let the kitten suffer. You wouldn't like it if you had no breakfast. It's your business, now,—the kitten's breakfast, every morning." And his father told him that he need not try to find the kitten before his own breakfast, but right afterwards, before he went to kindergarten or anywhere.

Now, do you know, Bob had a hard time remembering always to feed Puff. He loved Puff, too, and he loved to feed her; but he did forget.

Once he was at kindergarten and the children began talking about a kitten. "Oh, dear," Bob thought; "oh dear, I did forget to feed Puff this morning!" and pretty soon he felt so sorry that one of the ladies asked him what was the matter. He could not speak it, he felt so badly. He could hardly do anything at all, games or anything. He did not feel cheerful any more of the minutes while he was at kindergarten.

When he ran home, he was almost crying to himself. He knew Puff must be very hungry. There she was now, sitting on the front steps—the lowest step. Bob looked at her; and then took her in his arms and carried her around to the kitchen door. Jane was out there, doing something in the yard.

"Jane," said Bobbie, "could you please let me get some breakfast for Puff? I forgot, Jane: I forgot to give her any breakfast this morning."

"Sure I will," Jane said, and she did. Bob watched Puff eat and drink: she did seem pretty hungry. When that was finished, he took Puff into the house to his mother, and told her about forgetting Kitty's breakfast, and he asked her if she thought Puff looked sick or thin or anything; but she said she didn't this time.

Well, Bobbie felt dreadfully. I think it made him more careful, but there was one other day when he had a bad time over the same trouble.

He started with his mother and Dorothy to drive—one Saturday morning it was. His mother had to go right away after breakfast, but there was plenty of time for Bob to feed Puff if he had thought of it. He sat in the carriage quite a few minutes before they started.

And, do you know, after they had driven down the path and out of the gate just a little way farther, his mother said, "You gave Puff her breakfast, didn't you, Bobby?"

And he hadn't.

His mother stopped Jimmy, the horse. She said, "O Bobbie dear, what do you want to do about it?" and Bobbie waited to think a minute.

"I suppose she's hungry now," he said. "I don't know what to do. I guess I'll have to go back." And his mother said:—

"But, dear, we couldn't wait for you. I must hurry on."

"I suppose she's hungry," Bobbie said. "I guess I'll have to go back—and not stay with you—I guess I'll have to."

"Yes," said his mother, "yes, I'm afraid you will. Too bad, dear: we're so sorry."

"O Bobbie," Dorothy said, "I'm sorry."

But he had to climb down and leave them. They drove away. Pretty soon he began to run: he wanted to stop Puff from being hungry as soon as he could. So he ran and skipped and ran and skipped. Very soon he met Puff. "Seems to me you were coming to meet me," said Bob. "Come here, you poor thing, you."

So he carried her to the kitchen door and gave her a good breakfast.

Then he felt very much disappointed not to be with his mother and Doffee.

After that I think it was easier for him to remember things that he ought to remember.—Christian Register.

RED TOP IN NORTHLAND.

Once upon a time, long ago, away up in the Northland, where the summers are very short and the winters very long, lived Grandma Pecker. I cannot spell it for you as they spell it in Northland, but this is the way to spell it in English.

I would not wonder if they gave her that name because she was always pecking about with her sharp stick, gathering bark, leaves, twigs, and roots. Nobody knew how old she was; she had a thin little body and a face so wrinkled that it looked like the bark on the tree trunks.

"I'm clean beat out!" cried Grandma Pecker, staggering into her tiny hut behind the big, dark forest that stretched from north to south as far as one could see. "Why, I have been two hours picking up this basket of sticks."

Grandma Pecker grumbled and mumbled across the earth floor, and dumped the basket upside down on the hearth. She sat herself down on the bench beside the fireplace to rest a bit and get her breath. "It must be that those Ferguson scavengers have been out today. What is a poor old body like me to do, with five pairs of such nimble feet and hands flitting about and filching every blessed thing their eyes can spy out?"

But pretty soon Grandam Pecker bestirred herself. "I will make me a good fire and bake a tasty cake for my supper and brew me a cup of my best herb tea. That will put a scrapple of comfort into my old bones."

The tea was bubbling merrily and the nice brown cake just ready to take out of the pan, when there came a knock at the door.

"Bother!" grumbled Grandam Pecker; "such luck! My cake will be cold before I get a chance to eat it. Who's there?" she called harshly. You would hardly have thought such a thin little woman could make such a big noise.

"Open, in the name of God, and give me a fare of your good cake, Grandam. I am nearly perished for the want of food and a fire to warm me," replied a voice without.

Grandam stopped to light her candle and snuffed it until it burned its brightest, for she was wary of strangers, and she would see what kind of a wanderer this was before she unbarred the door. She had a stout bar arranged so that she could slip it a notch and open the door a crack without unfastening it.

Grandam flared her candle in the face of her visitor. There stood an old man in tatters which fluttered all ways when the blast struck him, and set him to shaking. "Bless me!" cried Grandam, setting down the candle and pushing back the wooden bolt. She opened the door gingerly, just enough to let the beggar in, and shut it quickly to keep the cold out. "Poor folk should be under cover this time of day. The cold spell is nearing and the nights are getting searching. There's a storm brewing, I feel it in my bones—they have been creaking all day."

The old man walked feebly to the bench beside the fire, and sat down and closed his eyes. Now I am going to tell you a secret. The old man was no other than good old Saint Peter, who, as you all know, goes about seeing what folks are doing; if they are being good and kind, giving them his blessing; if they are doing ill, teaching them a lesson. And nobody knows when he comes, for he is always in disguise.

So Grandam never mistrusted; she looked at the old man with his eyes closed, and he seemed so weary, she said, muttering as she was used to do, since she had no one but herself to talk to, "I must bake him a cake; a nice little cake."

She put the pan over the fire and dropped in a spoonful

of batter, just enough to make a very little cake, which she thought was big enough to give away.

But the batter swelled and spread, and swelled and spread. "Oh, oh!" muttered Grandam under her breath, "but this is as big as that one on the hearth which I baked for myself. I can't think of giving away such a big cake. I must bake another."

So Grandam dropped into the pan another spoonful a good deal smaller than the first, but it spread and swelled, and swelled and spread, utnil it was almost as big as the other one. "Oh, oh!" sighed Grandam, "this is much too big to give away."

She looked again at the old man, whose eyes were closed. She had half a mind not to give him any cake, but his head had dropped on his breast, and he looked so feeble, she decided to try again. This time she took only a half spoonful of batter and dropped it into the pan. And it spread and swelled and swelled spread, until it was two-thirds the size of the last.

"Dear, dear," cried Grandam, "I shall waste all my meal, and have to eat cold cakes a week, just for being so generous to a strange old man who, for aught I know, may"—

Grandam Pecker reached for her bowl of batter, but dropped it in affright. It fell on the hearth and cracked into two pieces, and the batter ran out into the ashes.

And this is what frightened her: the old man had suddenly opened his eyes and leaped to his feet very straight and tall, and the tatters disappeared, and there stood Saint Peter, the fire flashing from his eyes, and his finger pointed at her. Grandam quaked with fear and stood trembling before him.

His voice was very sorrowful when he spoke. "Your heart has grown so small and black," he said, "that when I look I see only a dark hole where it ought to be. You are not fit to dwell among men. I have sent my messengers to soften your heart, but still it has kept growing smaller. Tonight, if you had fed me, you would have had another chance. Now I am going to give you a body small enough to fit your poor little heart. You have pecked around for yourself all your life and have cared for no other; now I will give you a chance to peck for yourself so long as you will. You can never return until you learn to love to peck for others better than yourself."

Grandam fell in a heap of rags and bones beside her broken bowl, trembling and groaning.

"Out with you," said Saint Peter, "and peck for your living!"

And out of the heap of bones and rags flew a bird. It fluttered about the room in affright and then flew up the chimney.

When the bird came out at the top of the chimney the soot had smothered it, the flame had scorched it, and it flew swiftly away to the woods, a very black bird with a scarlet tuft on the crown of its head.

The wood-choppers heard it pecking at the bark of the trees, for it was very hungry, and they spied it, and they named it the "red-headed woodpecker."—Mildred Norman, in Children's Magazine.

SEWING ON A BUTTON.

"Marian," called mamma from her chamber, "will you sew the button on grandpa's coat, please? My head aches so I can't."

"Won't another time do?" answered a doleful voice from the depths of a book. "I've just come to the last chapter, and it's so exciting!"

"No, dear," said mamma; "grandpa is going to town in a few minutes, and must have his coat. He saved the button. It is in one of the pockets."

Marian often sewed on grandpa's buttons. She was proud of knowing how. Only today, she would rather finish her story first. Reluctantly she got her work-bag, threaded a big needle with coarse black thread, found the buton in the pocket, and taking the coat in her pink gingham lap began to sew.

But her head was still full of her story, as she took the first stitches. Then she came to herself with a start.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed in dismay, "I've sewed clear through the coat! And I've put the knot on the wrong side instead of on the right, under the button."

But she was so anxious to get back to her book that she would not stop to cut it off and begin over again.

Through and through the four holes of the button, and way through the cloth to the wrong side, flashed her needle. Then she fastened the thread on the wrong side, too, in big stitches, and snipped it off. It was quicker to do it that way.

"There," she said, "it's on."

But she never had sewed on one of grandpa's coat buttons like that before. Not a stitch ought to have been visible on the wrong side any more than on the right. Marian knew that. "But it won't show," she assured herself.

"Thank you, my dear," said grandpa, as he hurried on the coat. "I don't believe every little girl can sew on a button as well as you can." And he rushed off to catch his train.

Marian sat down with her book again. But she didn't enjoy the chapter as much as she had expected. Grandpa's last words haunted her. She hadn't sewed on that button as well as she could.

"Captain!" a voice hailed grandpa on the city street. "We want you to get your picture taken."

"What for?" demanded the Captain, startled.

"To put in the paper," explained his friend. "They are going to give a history of our regiment Memorial Day, and your picture must go with that." For grandpa had been the hero of his regiment.

The Captain objected. But the other prevailed, and he unwillingly found himself before the photographer's camera. Just as he sat down, he unbuttoned his coat and threw back the lapels. He felt more comfortable so.

"An excellent likeness," everyone said, and Marian was eager to see the Memorial Day paper. There was the fine old face she knew so well, and there—

"Oh!" Marian caught her breath with a gasp. There were all those clumsy stitches for everyone to see. "And I thought they wouldn't show," she sobbed; "because they were on the wrong side, I thought it wasn't any matter."

"It's all right," comforted grandpa. "I don't care about a few threads."

But Marian was not consoled. She cut grandpa's picture out of the paper and pinned it up where she could see it every day. And after that, when she felt like being careless about a thing because she thought it wasn't going to show, a look at those pictured stitches was enough. They made her do her very best.—Alice M. Farrington, in Sunday School Times.

The Democratic nine of the House of Representatives defeated the Republican nine, in a game of baseball for charity in Washington. This is the only humane thing the House has done during the extra session.

MILLS COLLEGE

For Young Women.

Only Women's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences. non-sectarian; all forms of healthful out-door amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Aug. 11, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O. Calif.

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Located at Berkeley, Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President,

J. K. McLEAN, D.D.

THE CATHARINE

1589 Sacramento Street.

MRS. KATE S. HART, PROPRIETOR.

Formerly manager of the Ramona, a quiet, home-like house. Rooms have buffet kitchens, where persons can do light housekeeping. Hot water day and night. From Third and Townsend take Ellis street cars and transfer at Larkin From Ferry take Sacramento street cars.

INVESTMENT BONDS.

One of our most distinguished pastors in a recent address to young men on their expenditures advised them "to invest in good Bonds." Such advice is equally applicable to any investors, old or young, men or women.

The following can be conscientiously recommended: "Turlock or Modesto Irrigation Bonds," "People's Water Bonds," "Ocean Shore R. R. Bonds," and "Monterey & Pacific Grove Bonds." All the above will pay from 5¼ to 8 per cent in contrast with bank deposits, which yield only 4 per cent. The following oil stocks will return investors large results: Pinal, paying 15 cents per share monthly; Brook Line 2 cents per share or 15 per cent and 12 per cent respectively.

Other equally attractive investments are offered, and full particulars can be obtained yb communicating with the undersigned.

W. E. BARNARD,
170 Bacon Block,
Oakland.

LOW RATES TO

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

FOR ROUND TRIP TICKETS

FROM		FROM	
San Francisco	$32.50	Martinez	$32.50
Lathrop	32.50	Napa	32.75
Stockton	32.50	Santa Rosa	33.60
Suisun	32.50	Calistoga	33.95
Davis	32.50	Glen Ellen	33.55

Greatly reduced rates from other points in California. Tickets sold daily, May 25 to Sept. 30, and cover two months trip going and coming via the famous

SHASTA ROUTE

—of the—

Southern Pacific

Stopovers Going and Coming.
Many other routes at slightly higher rates for you to select from.

Write or call on our nearest agent for full details of service, etc., or address,

DEPT. ADV., 948 FLOOD BLDG.,
for information.

Free Kindergarten Normal School

of the

Golden Gate Kindergarten Association

Accredited by State Board of Education.

The 18th year opens Aug. 2.

Miss Virginia Fitch, President.
Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.
Address: 1625 California St., Room 20
San Francisco, Cal.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.,
Edwin C. Norton, Ph.D., Dean

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List.)

Teachers Course, Two Years, Special Classes for Mothers and Nursery Helpers.

Address:
Miss Grace Everett Barnard,
1374 Franklin Street,

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.